



GLAD ECHOES



FROM



THE GRANGE.



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GLAD ECHOES FROM THE GRANGE.

—EDITED BY—

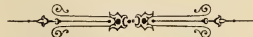
JAMES L. ORR.

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SUGGESTIONS TO CHORISTERS.

1. Where it is possible to do so, organize the singers into a choir.
2. Endeavor to have all the parts sing clearly and distinctly, with equal power.
3. Where choice or grace notes are given in any part, they should be used in preference to the others.
4. When the "degree" song given in this book is not sufficient for the work of that degree, the chorister should make appropriate selections from the list of miscellaneous pieces.

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—Glad Echoes from the Grange.—

FRATERNITY.

J. L. O.

JAMES L. ORR.

1. Here at our sa - cred shrine A - gain we meet; Let love our hearts entwine In un - ion sweet;
 2. To him who reigns a - bove Pray'rs we ad - dress, Trust - ing his heav'nly love, Weak - ness con - fess;
 3. Here, while we oft - en meet, Meet but to part, Let Faith her vig - il keep O - ver each heart;

Let cares be all for - got, Peace crowns this hallow'd spot; Sorrow should vex us not, Joy to de - feat.
 Let ev - 'ry heart re - joice, While we with tune - ful voice, In hymns of sweetest choice, Ask him to bless.
 Faith - ful to ev - 'ry vow, Fa - ther, O bless us now, While at thy throne we bow, Ere we de - part.

FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.

SUITABLE FOR OPENING OR CLOSING.

R. M. McINTOSH

The first system of musical notation is in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and rests.

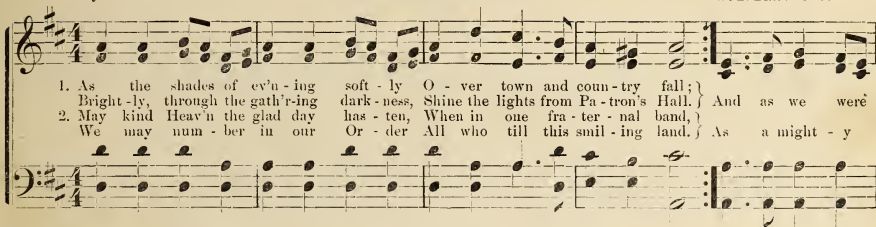
Fa-ther, we'll rest in thy love, Fa-ther, we'll rest in thy love, Father, we'll rest;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes a repeat sign and a final cadence. The bass staff continues with chords and rests.

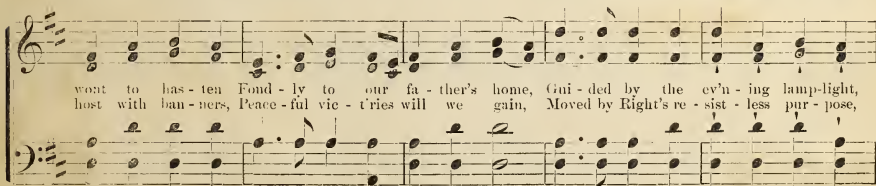
Father, we'll rest, we'll rest in thy love, Fa-ther, we'll rest in thy love; we'll Father, we'll rest,

The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence in the treble staff. The bass staff continues with chords and rests.

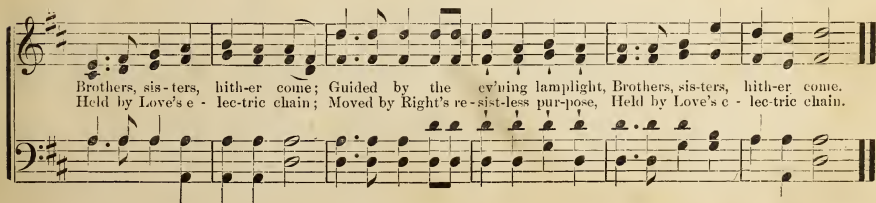
rest, we'll rest in thy love, Fa-ther, we'll rest, we'll rest in thy love.



1. As the shades of ev'n-ing soft-ly O-ver town and coun-try fall;
 Bright-ly, through the gath'ring dark-ness, Shine the lights from Pa-tron's Hall. } And as we were
 2. May kind Heav'n the glad day has-ten, When in one fra-ter-nal band, }
 We may num-ber in our Or-der All who till this smil-ing land. } As a might-y

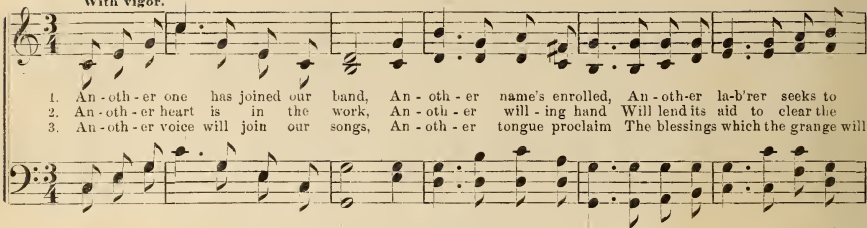


went to has-ten Fond-ly to our fa-ther's home, Gui-ded by the ev'n-ing lamp-light,
 host with ban-ners, Peace-ful vic-tories will we gain, Moved by Right's re-sist-less pur-pose,



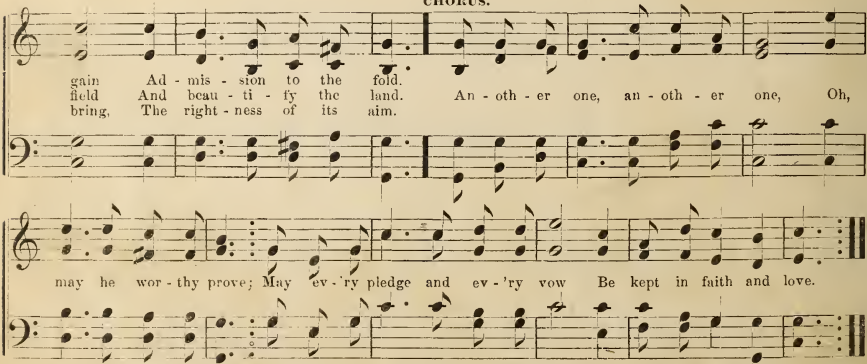
Brothers, sis-ters, hith-er come; Guided by the ev'ning lamplight, Brothers, sis-ters, hith-er come.
 Held by Love's e-lec-tric chain; Moved by Right's re-sist-less pur-pose, Held by Love's e-lec-tric chain.

With vigor.



1. An - oth - er one has joined our band, An - oth - er name's enrolled, An - oth - er la-b'r'er seeks to
 2. An - oth - er heart is in the work, An - oth - er will - ing hand Will lend its aid to clear the
 3. An - oth - er voice will join our songs, An - oth - er tongue proclaim The blessings which the grange will

CHORUS.



gain Ad - mis - sion to the fold.
 field And beau - ti - fy the land. An - oth - er one, an - oth - er one, Oh,
 bring, The right - ness of its aim.

may he wor - thy prove; May ev - 'ry pledge and ev - 'ry vow Be kept in faith and love.

1. Life has ma - ny low - ly du - ties, Ev - er wait - ing will - ing
 2. Ma - ny tri - als will as - sail her, Tri - als great and tri - als

hands, will - ing hands, Du - ties that lie all a - round us, Count - less
 small, tri - als small, She will meek - ly bear her por - tion, Her's shall

as the gleam - ing sands, gleam - ing sands. Meek - ly walks the maid a -
 be the the lot of all, lot of all. She, with faith - ful - ness and

MAID. Concluded.

mong us, Mod - est, gen - tle, use - ful, true, use - ful, true, Do - ing
 pa - tience, Will per - form each cheer - ful task, cheer - ful task, Giv - ing

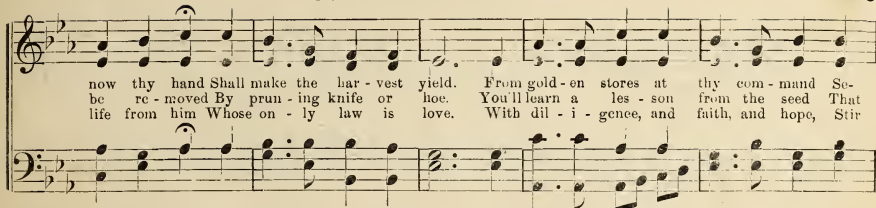
with (do - ing with) a cheer - ful spir - it What - so - e'er she finds to do, finds to do.
 time - (giv - ing time) - ly aid to an - y Who in need may come to ask, come to ask.

CULTIVATOR.

NETTIE BENSCHOTEN.

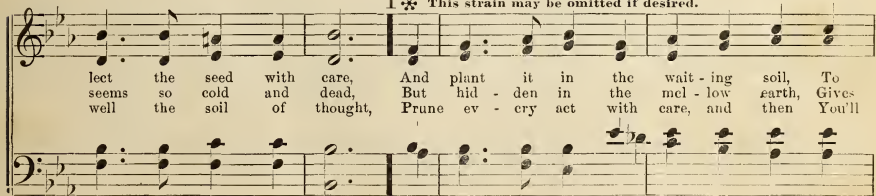
JAMES L. ORR.

1. Well has the lab - 'rer done his part To clear the cum - bered field, And break the glebe, and
 2. But spite of care in seed - ing time, You'll find there'll oft - en grow That which must promptly
 3. Pure tho'ts in - spired a - mid the field Shall lead the heart a - bove. To learn its rule of



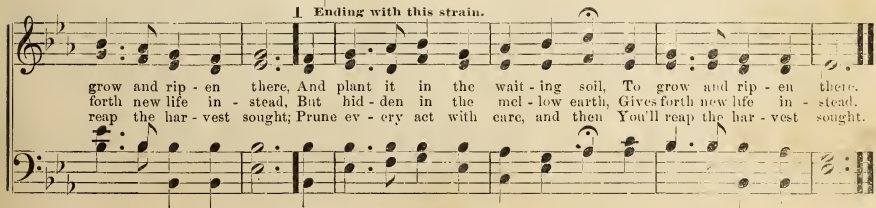
now thy hand Shall make the har - vest yield. From gold - en stores at thy com - mand Se -
 be re - moved By prun - ing knife or hoe. You'll learn a les - son from the seed That
 life from him Whose on - ly law is love. With dil - i - gence, and faith, and hope, Stir

1 ❄ This strain may be omitted if desired.



lect the seed with care, And plant it in the wait - ing soil, To
 seems so cold and dead, But hid - den in the mel - low earth, Gives
 well the soil of thought, Prune ev - ery act with care, and then You'll

1 Ending with this strain.



grow and rip - en there, And plant it in the wait - ing soil, To grow and rip - en there.
 forth new life in - stead, But hid - den in the mel - low earth, Gives forth new life in - stead.
 reap the har - vest sought; Prune ev - ery act with care, and then You'll reap the har - vest sought.

SHEPHERDESS.

NETTIE BENSCHOTEN.

JAMES L. ORR.

1. To thy watch - ful care we give, Gen - tle shep - herd - ess, All that need a
 2. Oft and oft the err - ing ones Will e - lude thy care, Give them more and
 3. 'Tis a task will try thy faith, May it stead - fast prove, Thou wilt find thy

guid - ing hand, Full of ten - der - ness. Lambs are stray - ing from the fold
 more of love, Calm and earn - est prayer. Win them by thy gen - tle - ness
 strength re - newed Through thy work of love. Hope shall be a bea - con light,

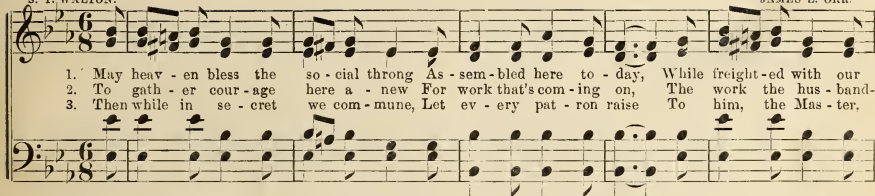
To the bar - ren rocks; Thou shalt bring the wand'ers back, Thou shalt guard the flocks.
 From the e - vil way; Kind - ly, firm - ly, hold them back, When they else would stray.
 Shed - ding bright - er ray O'er the path - way lead - ing thee Un - to end - less day.

HARVEST SONG.

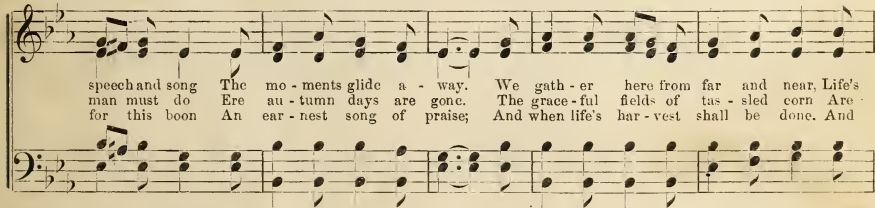
S. T. WALTON.

JAMES L. ORR.

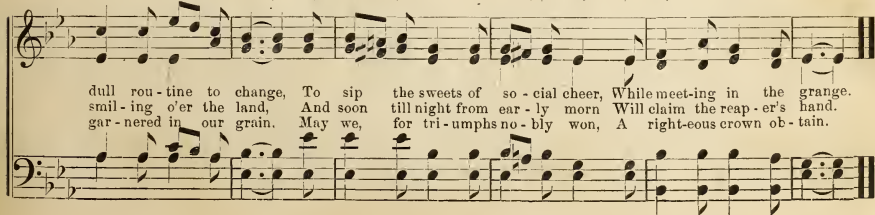
11.



1. May heav - en bless the so - cial throng As - sem - bled here to - day, While freight - ed with our
 2. To gath - er cour - age here a - new For work that's com - ing on, The work the hus - band -
 3. Then while in se - cret we com - mune, Let ev - ery pat - ron raise To him, the Mas - ter,



speech and song The mo - ments glide a - way. We gath - er here from far and near, Life's
 man must do Ere au - tumn days are gone. The grace - ful fields of tas - sled corn Are
 for this boon An ear - nest song of praise; And when life's har - vest shall be done. And



dull rou - tine to change, To sip the sweets of so - cial cheer, While meet - ing in the grange.
 smil - ing o'er the land, And soon till night from ear - ly morn Will claim the reap - er's hand.
 gar - nered in our grain. May we, for tri - umphs no - bly won, A right - eous crown ob - tain.

HARVESTER.

JAMES L. ORR.

1. To the field go forth, O reap - er, There will you find gold - en grain,
 2. In thy sheaves kind ac - tions gath - er, Bind them with the tend - rest love;

Read - y, wait - ing for the sick - le, Rip - ened by the sun and rain.
 Pure and ho - ly feel - ings gath - er For the Mas - ter's store a - bove.

Go, the har - vest now is glow - ing, Let not seed time be in vain.
 Go, the won - d'rous har - vest waits thee, Grown thro' joy - ful - ness and pain;

HARVESTER. Concluded.

13

Ev - er read - y, O, thou reap - er, Gath - er in the gold - en grain.
 Let no self - ish thought re - strain thee, Gath - er in the rip - ened grain.

This system contains the first two staves of the song. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the verse on the treble staff and the second line on the bass staff.

CHORUS.

Reap - er, go, Reap - er, go, do not wait, do not wait, Gath - er in the gold - en grain:
 Reap - er, go, do not wait, Gath - er in the gold - en grain:

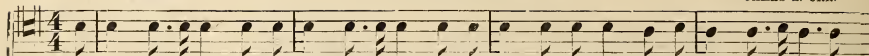
This system contains the first two staves of the chorus. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the chorus on the treble staff and the second line on the bass staff.

Reap - er, go, Reap - er, go, do not wait, do not wait, Gath - er in the gold - en grain.
 Reap - er, go, do not wait, Gath - er in the gold - en grain.

This system contains the second two staves of the chorus. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the chorus on the treble staff and the second line on the bass staff.

NETTIE BENSCHOTEN.

JAMES L. ORR.

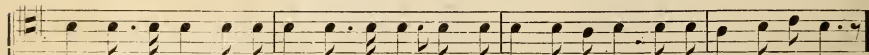
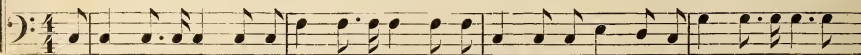


1. There's grief and there's gladness, There's joy and there's sadness All scattered about as we journey thro' life; Glean

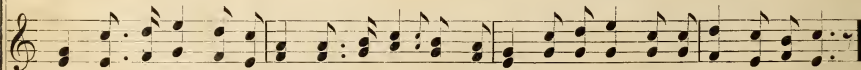


2. With care-ful-ness gleaning Thou'lt find hid-den mean-ing In sun-shine and shad-ow, in pleasure and pain; When

3. Life has its rare sweetness A-mid incompleteness, Glean thou day by day of its rich-est and best; And

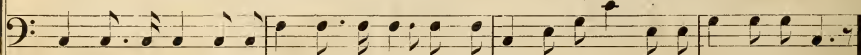


faith from the sor-row, Glean hope from the mor-row, From joy and the gladness that's min-gled with strife.

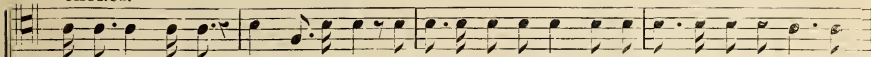


tri-als as-sail thee, And strength seems to fail thee, The love of the Mas-ter has pow'r to sus-tain.

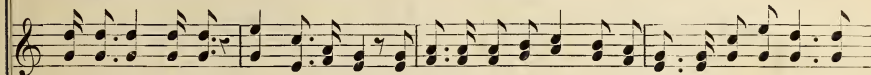
Faith, Hope, and Char-i-ty, Sweet band of pur-i-ty, Will fol-low thy foot-steps and make thy work blest.



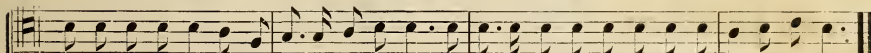
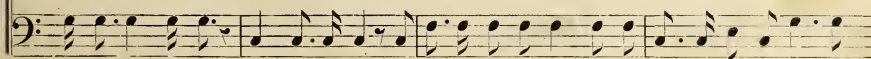
CHORUS.



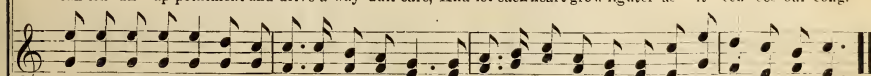
Courage, then, toil - er, nev - er despair; It on - ly dou-bles trou - ble to dwell up-on it long; Come,



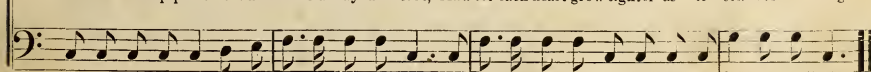
Courage, then, toil - er, nev - er despair; It on - ly dou-bles trou - ble to dwell up-on it long. Come,



ban-ish dis - ap-ointment and drive a-way dull care, And let each heart grow lighter as it ech - oes our song.



ban-ish dis - ap-ointment and drive a-way dull care, And let each heart grow lighter as it ech - oes our song.



HUSBANDMAN.

Mrs. NETTIE B. OVERMAN.
With marked accent.

JAMES L. ORR.

1. Thine be the task to di-rect the hands Who till the soil; At last re-claim-ing the fal-low lands
2. Seed-time and har-vest de-mand thy care, O hus-band-man; Strengthen your la-bor with faith and pray'r

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses provided.

Refrain.

By sturd-y toil. Priz-ing your la-bor as well as your rest, Care-ful-ly heed-ing the
As best you can. Still nur-ture hope when the dark clouds low'r, Bless with your char-i-ty

The second system continues the melody and includes a section labeled 'Refrain.' The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

Mas-ter's be-best; Hard-ships en-dur-ing that seem for the best With-out re-coil.
o'er and o'er; Cher-ish fi-del-i-ty more and more Through life's short span.

The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics continue below the treble staff.

NETTIE BENSCHOTEN.

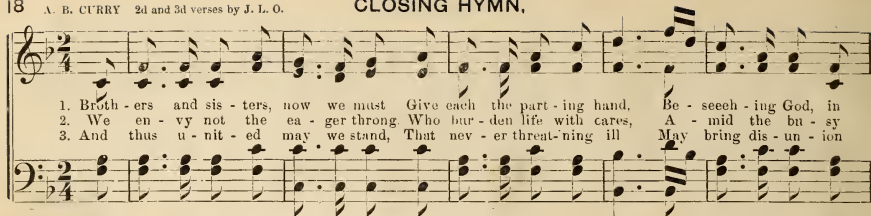
JAMES L. ORR.

1. Now comes the gen - tle mat - ron, To help the hus - band - man, With will - ing band and cheer - ful She
2. The maid with task more low - ly, The gen - tle shep - herd - ess, The glean - er glean - ing frag - ments, Her

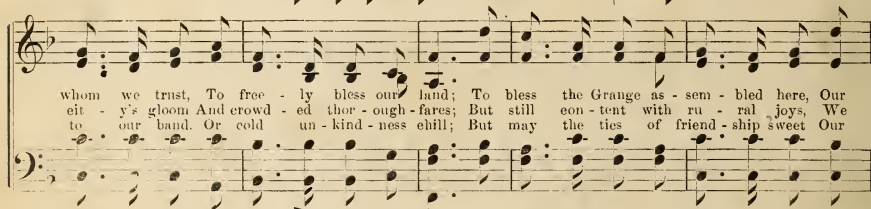
do - eth what she can. The la - b'rer, faint with toil - ing, Is cheered by her kind
watch - ful care shall bless. Her deeds of gen - tle kind - ness The Mas - ter will ap -

smile, The reap - er in the har - vest Re - ceives her thought the while.
prove. Her strength is nev - er - fail - ing, She do - eth all in love.

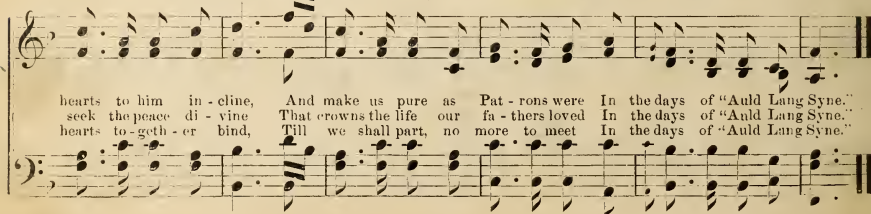
CLOSING HYMN.



1. Broth - ers and sis - ters, now we must Give each the part - ing hand, Be - seech - ing God, in
 2. We en - vy not the ea - ger throng, Who bur - den life with cares, A - mid the bu - sy
 3. And thus u - nit - ed may we stand, That nev - er threat - ning ill May bring dis - un - ion



whom we trust, To free - ly bless our land; To bless the Grange as - sem - bled here, Our
 eit - y's gloom And crowd - ed thor - ough - fares; But still eon - tent with ru - ral joys, We
 to our band. Or cold un - kind - ness chill; But may the ties of friend - ship sweet Our

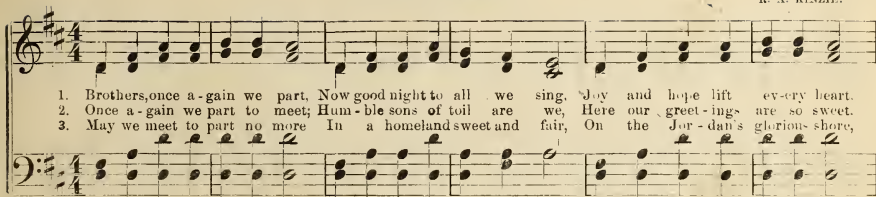


hearts to him in - cline, And make us pure as Pat - rons were In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."
 seek the peace di - vine That crowns the life our fa - thers loved In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."
 hearts to - geth - er bind, Till we shall part, no more to meet In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

GOOD NIGHT.

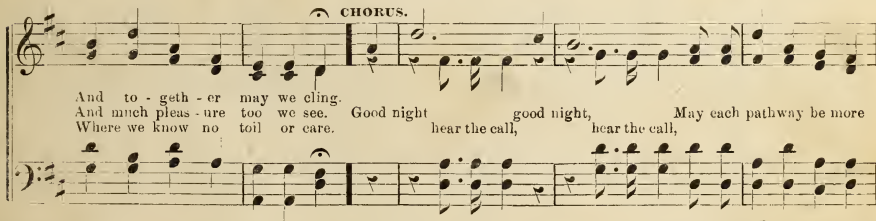
R. A. KINZIE.

19



1. Brothers, once a - gain we part, Now good night to all we sing. Joy and hope lift ev - ery heart.
 2. Once a - gain we part to meet; Hum - ble sons of toil are we, Here our greet - ings are so sweet.
 3. May we meet to part no more In a homeland sweet and fair, On the Jor - dan's glorious shore,

CHORUS.



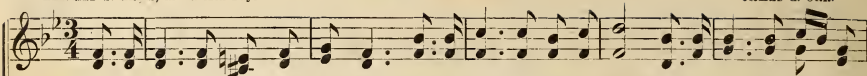
And to - geth - er may we cling.
 And much pleas - ure too we see. Good night hear the call, good night, May each pathway be more
 Where we know no toil or care. hear the call, hear the call,



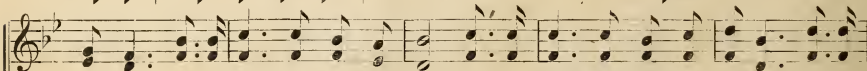
bright, more bright, May we meet a - gain to sing a sweet re - frain, Now we say to all good night, good night.

EDWARD S. ELLAS, in 'Golden Days.'

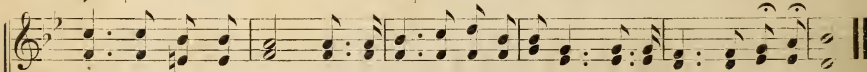
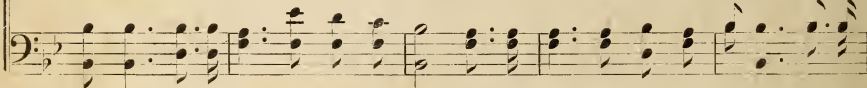
JAMES L. ORR.



1. Who shall sweep a - way the er - rors Crowd-ing on us from the past? Who shall clear the mists and
 2. Ah! the work-ers in the vine-yard Are too faint and all too few, And the field of hon - est
 3. Room for ev - 'ry sweet-voiced sing - er That can thrill the heart with song, Room for tho'ts, and words, and



shad - ows That the fu - ture o - ver - cast? Soon we bu - sy, teem-ing mil-lions Will have
 ef - fort Ev - er waits, young friends, for you. Room for boy - hood, strong and sturd - y, Boy-hood,
 ac - tions That will drive the world a - long. States-men, war - riors, men of sci-ence, Once, my



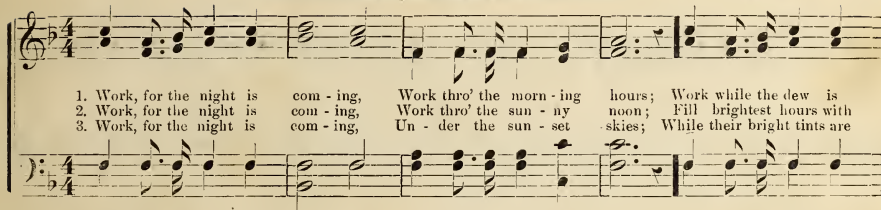
end - ed all this strife, And the myr - iads crowding on us Must take up the task of life.
 man - ly, brave and true; Room for hon - est, lust - y vig-or, Room, my young friends, room for you.
 friends, were young like you. And the grand-est deeds of his-try Are the ones that you may do.



WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

From "Song Garden."

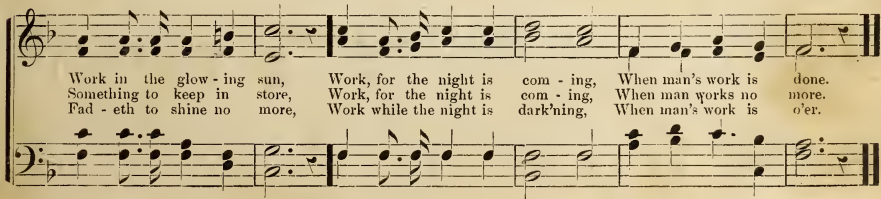
21



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours; Work while the dew is
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are



spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er,
 la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev' - ry fly - ing mo - ment
 glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies. Work till the last beam fid - eth,



Work in the glow - ing sun, Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store, Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Fad - eth to shine no more, Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

BUD AND BLOOM.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

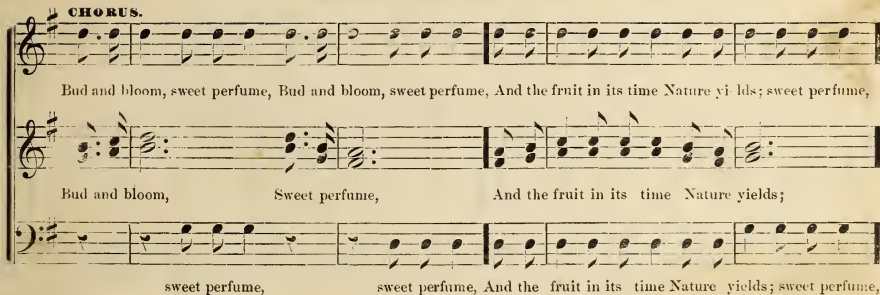
1 Tho' the win - ter be cheer - less and cold, And the wild winds are bow - ing the trees,

2. In the axe and the con - quer - ing plow, The har - row - ing and mel - low - ing spade,
3. From the hour that we scat - ter the seed, To the day when the har - vest we glean,

I : prom - ise the Spring we be - hold, And re - joice with the birds and the bees.

We the sym - bols of la - bor avow, The tools of our in - dus - try made.
Only peace from the Fa - ther we need, To make us de - vout - ly se - rene.

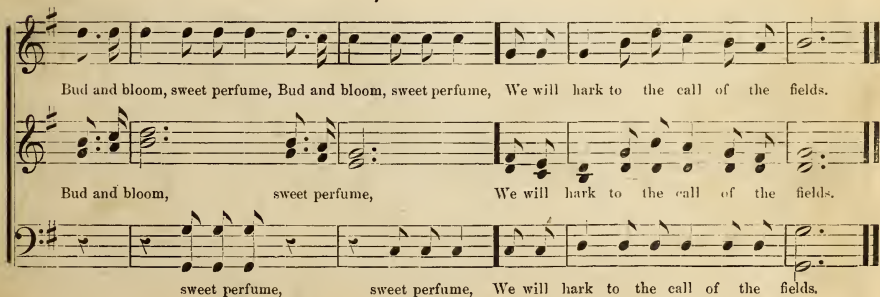
CHORUS.



Bud and bloom, sweet perfume, Bud and bloom, sweet perfume, And the fruit in its time Nature yields; sweet perfume,

Bud and bloom, Sweet perfume, And the fruit in its time Nature yields;

sweet perfume, sweet perfume, And the fruit in its time Nature yields; sweet perfume,



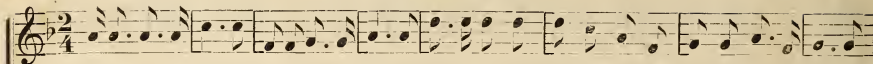
Bud and bloom, sweet perfume, Bud and bloom, sweet perfume, We will hark to the call of the fields.

Bud and bloom, sweet perfume, We will hark to the call of the fields.

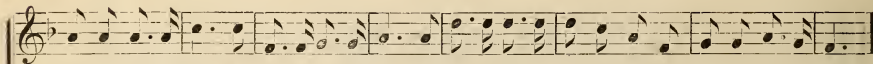
sweet perfume, sweet perfume, We will hark to the call of the fields.

THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD. TO THE FARMERS OF AMERICA.

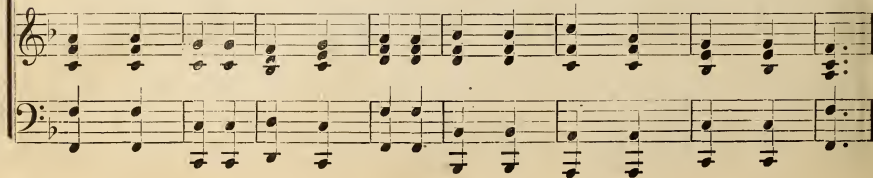
Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Brothers of the plow! The power is with you; The world in ex - pec - ta - tion waits For action prompt and true, Op -
2. Brothers of the plow! In calm and quiet might, You've waited long and patient - ly, For what was yours by right, A
3. Brothers of the plow! Come, rally once again, Come, gather from the prairie wide, The hillside, and the plain: Not



pression stalks abroad, Mo - nop - o - lies abound; Their giant hands al - read - y clutch The till - ers of the ground,
fair reward for toil, A free and o - pen field, An honest share for wife and home Of what your harvests yield.
as in days of yore, With tramp of battle's sound, But come, and make the world respect The till - ers of the ground.



THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD.—Concluded.

25

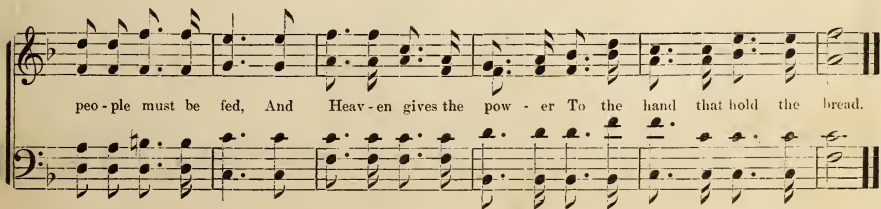
CHORUS.



A - wake! then, a - wake! The great world must be fed, And Heav - en gives the



pow - er To the hand that holds the bread; Yes, brothers of the plow, The

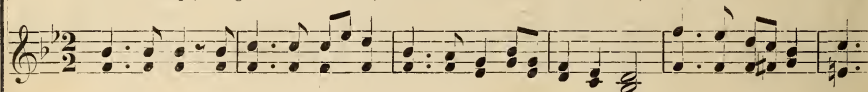


peo - ple must be fed, And Heav - en gives the pow - er To the hand that hold the bread.

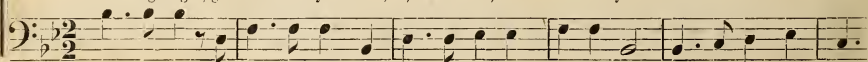
FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY AND FIDELITY.



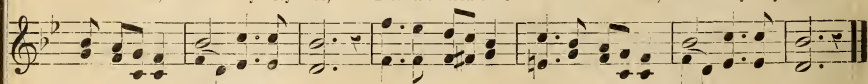
1. Star of Faith, my trust and comfort, When the way seems dark to me, Still sup - port me 'midst
 2. Star of Hope, that guide us on - ward, Bless the heart that leans on thee, Bless the seed time and



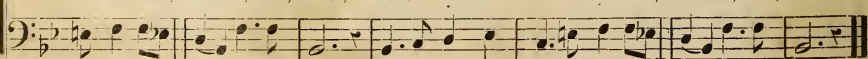
3. Char-i - ty, thou star Di - vin - est, Give us grateful hearts and free, Helping hands to aid
 4. Shining bright, gleams forth thy beauties, O, thou star, Fi - del - i - ty! Make us faith - ful in



life's tri - als, Dark though they be, Still support me 'midst life's tri - als, Dark though they be.
 the harvest, Blest may they be, Bless the seed time and the har - vest, Blest may they be.



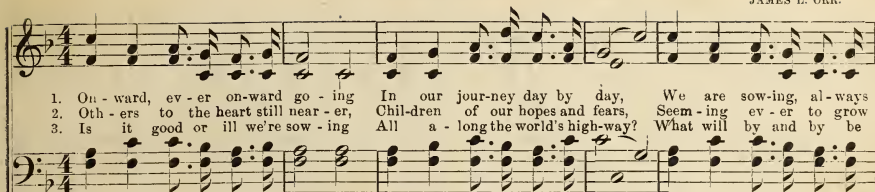
the wear - y, Where e'er they be, Help - ing hands to aid the wear - y, Where e'er they be.
 life's du - ties; Faithful, Lord, to thee, Make us faith - ful in life's du - ties; Faithful, Lord, to thee.



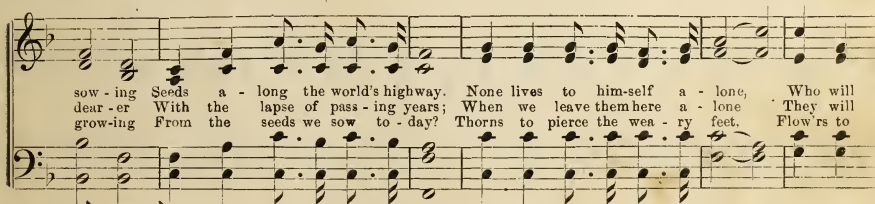
WHO WILL REAP?

27

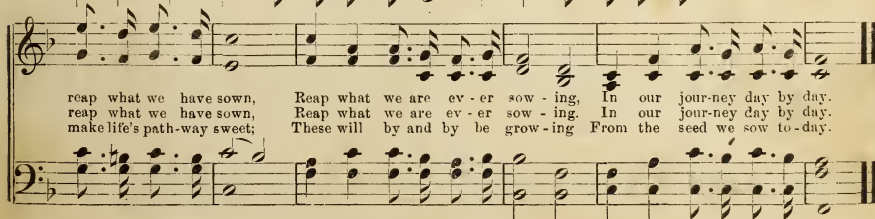
JAMES L. ORR.



1. On-ward, ev-er on-ward go-ing In our jour-ney day by day, We are sow-ing, al-ways
2. Oth-ers to the heart still near-er, Chil-dren of our hopes and fears, Seem-ing ev-er to grow
3. Is it good or ill we're sow-ing All a-long the world's high-way? What will by and by be



sow-ing Seeds a-long the world's highway. None lives to him-self a-lone, Who will
dear-er With the lapse of pass-ing years; When we leave them here a-lone, They will
grow-ing From the seeds we sow to-day? Thorns to pierce the wea-ry feet. Flow'rs to



reap what we have sown, Reap what we are ev-er sow-ing, In our jour-ney day by day.
reap what we have sown, Reap what we are ev-er sow-ing. In our jour-ney day by day.
make life's path-way sweet; These will by and by be grow-ing From the seed we sow to-day.

HOLD ON.

1. If your hand's on the plow, hold on, hold on; Tho' the soil may be ster-ile and hard,
 2. If your heart's in the work, hold on, hold on; Tho' the way should be gloom-y and sad,

The plowshare will make The fal-low ground break, And the plowman will have his re-ward;
 A light will ap-pear, The pathway be clear, And the heart of the work-er be glad;

Earth's bos-om will spar-kle with em-e-rald green, And its grain will be gold-en king;
 Heav'n's por-tals will o-pen, and mu-sic resound, And the man-sions of bliss will ring;

The reap - ers will come, with loud "Harvest Home," And the gleaners will joy - ful - ly sing.
 With praise for the brave, who la - bor to save, And the an - gels will joy - ful - ly sing.

CHORUS.

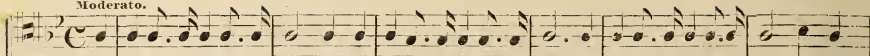
Hold on, hold on, my brother, hold on, Hold on till the prize is won;
 Hold on.....

Hold on,

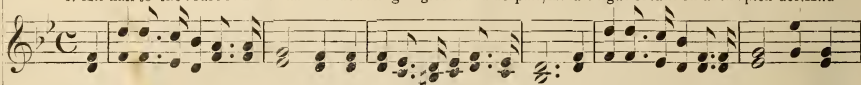
Hold on to the plow, And wea - ry not now, For the work is al - most done.
 hold on.

N. H. ALBAUGH.
Moderato.

W. H. PONTIUS.

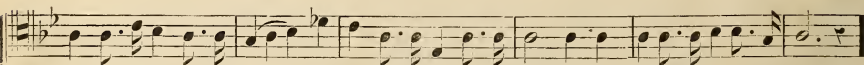
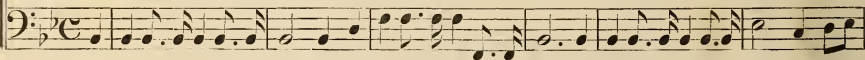


1. All hail to the court of Pomona! Tho' doubting in gloom and despair, At last light breaks on us in splen-dor. And



2. Dark seemeth the way, and most dreary, When fears and when doubtings arise, And oft we grow faint and are weary Be-

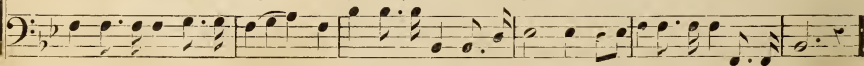
3. Oh, thus we in life oft - en find it, Tho' dark and still darker the way, The light on-ly seems the more glorious When



beau-ties surround us most rare, At last light breaks on us in splen-dor, And beauties surround us most rare.



fore we have won the fair prize, And oft we grow faint and are wea-ry Be - fore we have won the fair prize.
beams forth the fullness of day, The light on-ly seems the more glorious When beams forth the fullness of day.



HAIL TO POMONA. Concluded.

31

CHORUS.

p

Hail, all hail! hail, all hail! Hail! hail! hail, all hail! Hail, all hail! hail, all hail! Hail! hail! hail, all hail!

Hail, all hail! hail, all hail! Hail! hail! hail, all hail! Hail, all hail! hail, all hail! Hail! hail! hail, all hail!

Hail to Po-mo - na! Hail, all hail to the fair! Hail to Po-mo - na! Hail, all hail to the fair!

f *ff*

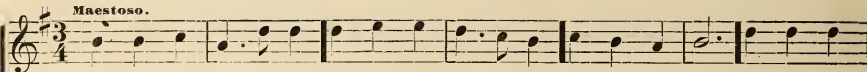
Hail, all hail! hail! Hail! all hail, all hail! Hail! all hail! hail! Hail to the fair!

Hail, all hail to Po-mo - na! Hail, all hail to the fair! Hail! hail! hail! hail! Hail to the fair!

Hail! all hail! hail! Hail! all hail, all hail! Hail! all hail! hail! Hail to the fair!

INSTALLATION ODE.

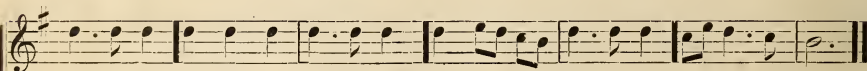
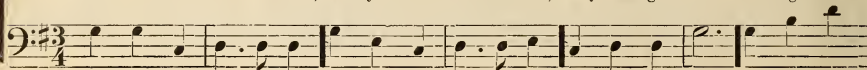
Music "America."

Maestoso.

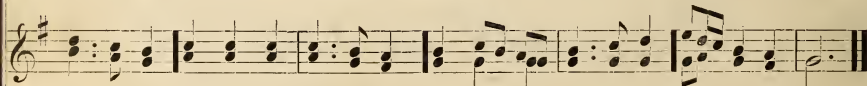
1. Come friends and Patrons dear, As - sem - bled are we here, In peace and love, May friendship,



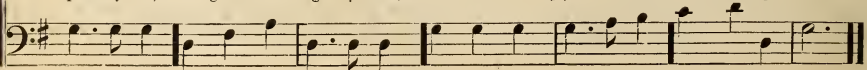
2. Great Mas - ter from on high, Who rul - est earth and sky, Be Thou our guide, Help each of -
 3. Thus our fra - ter - nal band, When joined in heart and hand, May blessings strew A - long life's

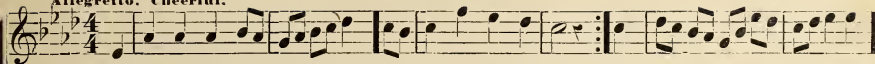


pur - est, best, Pervade and fill each breast; And ev - 'ry heart thus blest, Our un - ion prove.



fi - cial here To rule through love, not fear, In har - mo - ny sincere, Whate'er be - tide.
 pathway fair, Through His al - migh - ty care, And all en - joy full share Of friendship true.

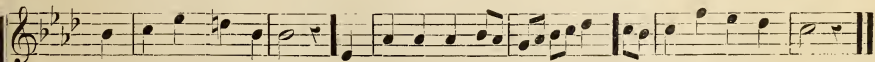


Allegretto. Cheerful.

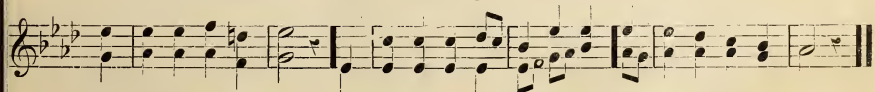
1. Assembled here, low un-to Thee, Our Lord, we humbly bow, }
 Im-plor-ing Thy al-mighty aid, Thy grace and presence now. } This earth-ly house, by human hands



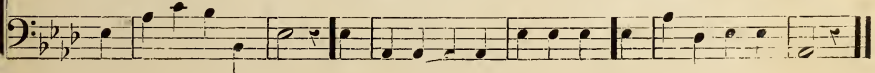
2. May grace di-vine from Him on high, Both guard and guide each heart, }
 May peace and love reign here for all And nev-er hence de-part. } May wrong or discord, strife or hate
 3. "Faith in our God, good will to man," May this our watch-word be }
 Hope on, trust ev-er, in the right, And practice Char-i-ty.— } Thus may these walls, this earthly house



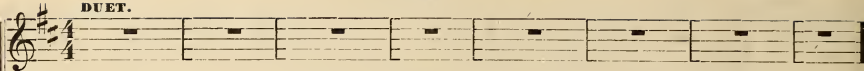
Upraised, through care and toil, May it in-vite, pro-protect and shield The till-ers of the soil.



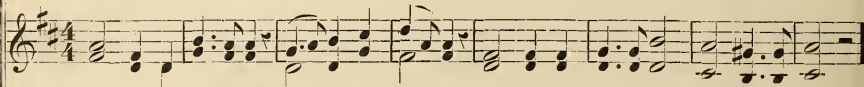
Ne'er raise its hy-dra head, But perfect friendship—ho-ly love Reign here supreme in-stead.
 Be but the opening way To higher aims, to ho-l-lier loves, To realms of perfect day.



DUET.



1. Come ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye languish; Come, at the mer - cy-seat fer - vent - ly kneel;



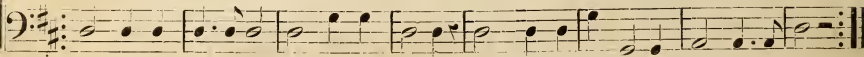
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the straying; Hope of the pen - i - tent, fadeless and pure,



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that heaven can not heal.



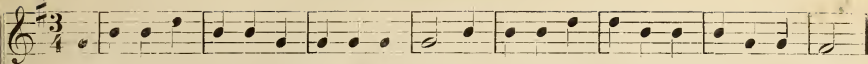
Here speaks the Comfort - er, ten - der - ly saying, Earth has no sor - row that heaven can not cure.



WELCOME SONG.

35

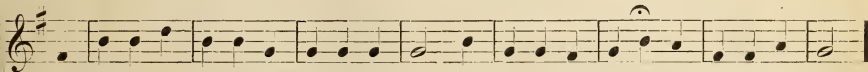
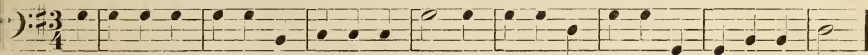
CLOSE OF DEGREE.



1. We bid you here wel-come to al - tar and heart—We bid you here wei-come, no long-er to part,



2. We pledge you our friendship, we pledge you our love; We trust, to your pledges, you faithful may prove,



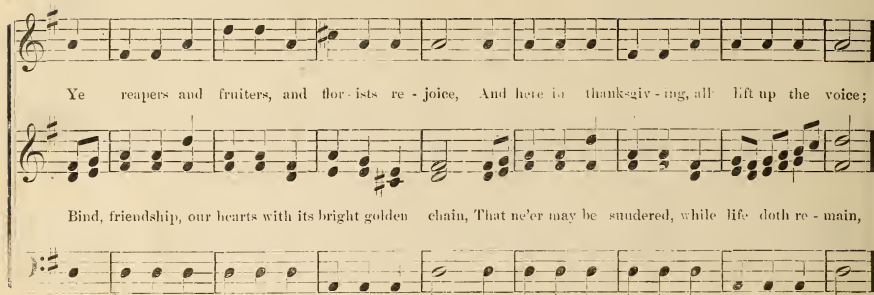
We bid you here welcome to shrine and to hall, We bid you here welcome! thrice welcome to all.



And as down life's pathway, we trav-el in hand, May tronbles and tri-als but strengthen our band.

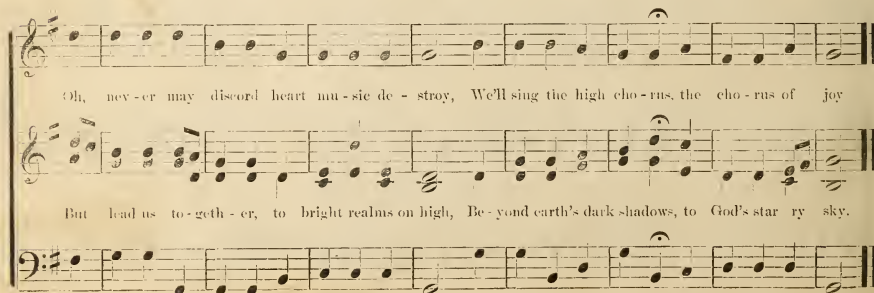


WELCOME SONG.—Concluded.



Ye reapers and fruiters, and flor-ists re-joice, And here is thank-giv-ing, all lift up the voice;

Bind, friendship, our hearts with its bright golden chain, That ne'er may be sundered, while life doth re-main,



Oh, nev-er may discord heart mu-sic de-stroy, We'll sing the high cho-rus, the cho-rus of joy

But lead us to-ge-th-er, to bright realms on high, Be-yond earth's dark shadows, to God's star-ry sky.

THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

37

T. F. G.

TO BE SUNG ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE DEAD.

T. F. GOODRICH.

p

1. Gen - tly fold the pal - lid hands, Death has closed the eye - lids now; She is rest - ing with her
 2. Soft - ly smooth the mar - ble brow, Take one look, the last on earth; Mur - mur not, for 'twas the
 3. Hushed the voice, 'tis stilled in death, Sweet - ly sleeps the peace - ful dead; Oh, how lone - ly, oh, how
 4. Gen - tly bear her form a - way To the eon - fines of the tomb; She'll be wait - ing o - ver

Rit. *CHORUS.* *p*

Sav - ior, She has joined the an - gel band. Sweet - ly rests the beau - ti - ful dead, sweet - ly
 Mas - ter, And he do - eth all things well.
 lone - ly, Now she's gone from out our midst.
 yon - der In that land of per - feet day. Sweet - ly rests the beau - ti - ful dead,

pp *3* *m* *3* *Rit.* *pp*

rests the beau - ti - ful dead,
 sweet - ly rests the beau - ti - ful dead, sweet - ly rests the beau - ti - ful dead who die in the Lord.

SLEEP, BROTHER, SLEEP.

J. L. O.
Slowly and tenderly.

TO BE SUNG AT THE GRAVE.

JAMES L. ORR.

1. Sleep, broth - er, sleep, while o'er thy breast Thy friends in sad - ness weep; Let not our tears dis -
 2. Sleep on, frail dust, be - neath this sod, Nor heed the tears of friends, While in the pres - ence
 3. And while with bleed - ing hearts we bow To God's di - vine be - hest, It soothes our grief to

turb thy rest, Or break thy peace - ful sleep. Thy long - ing spir - it sought to go From
 of thy God Thy ran - somed spir - it bends. Here life's rude storms can ne'er dis - turb Thy
 know that thou Hast gained e - ter - nal rest. That in the soul's sweet par - a - dise. The

all life's woe and pain; And what we mourn as loss we know Is thy e - ter - nal gain.
 calm and sweet re - pose: Sleep on, se - cure from ev - 'ry ill That mor - tal weak - ness knows.
 cit - y of our God, Thy spir - it waits to wel - come us When we have crossed the flood.

THE DEAR OLD FARM,

39

FRANK YELLAND.

JAMES L. ORR.

1. I love my home a-mong the hills, Where meads and brook-lets charm; How rich and pure the
 2. What sweet in-spir-ing joys a-bound, Free from all taint of harm; What hap-py mem-ories
 3. How peace-ful-ly thy day-lights close When twi-light's cur-tains fall; How calm-ly sweet is

CHORUS.

bliss that gilds A life up-on the farm. I love the good old farm, . . . The
 clus-ter 'round Thy hearth, thou dear old farm.
 thy re- pose When dark-ness cov-ers all. The good old farm, I

dear, old, peace-ful farm; Its fields are green, and its skies se-rene, I love the dear old farm.
 love the dear old farm;

TEACHING BY PARABLE.

JAMES L. ORR.

1 There once a sweet sto - ry was giv - en to men, O'er which I have pondered a - gain and a - gain; And

2 Go, work in my vine - yard, the hus - bandman said, Why stand ye here i - dle, or beg - ging for bread? Go,

3 The Grange is a vine - yard, and lab - rers are we; And, broth - ers and sis - ters, our por - tion shall be The

ev - er I'm thinking how sim - ple and true The les - son it teach - es to me and to you.

gath - er the vint - age and gath - er the grain. All wait - ing, and rip - ened by sun - shine and rain.
meas - ure of wis - dom we reap day by day; And this for our la - bor will rich - ly re - pay.

CHORUS.

Go, work in the vineyard, go, la - bor to - day, Go, work in the vineyard, go, la - bor to - day, And
 Go, work in the vine - - - yard, Go la - - - - bor to - day, And

Go, work in the vineyard, go, la - bor to - day, Go, work in the vineyard, go, la - bor to - day, And

I for his la - bor each one will re - pay, And I for his la - bor each one will re - pay.
 I for his la - - - - bor each one will re - pay. . . .

I for his la - bor each one will re - pay, And I for his la - bor each one will re - pay.

SOWING AND REAPING.

N. H. ALBAUGH.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Who'll be sow - ing, who'll be sow - ing? Sow - ing pre - cious, gold - en grain,
 2. Who'll be sow - ing seeds of kind - ness? Right and left a - long the way,

3. Who'll be sow - ing deeds of mer - cy,—Sow - ing through life's check - ered vale
 4. May we all go sow - ing, reap - ing On - ly best of life's fair yield,

In the val - ley, on the hill - side, Wide a - cross the fer - tile plain?
 'Round the home-hearth, by the sick couch, Here and there wher - e'er we stray?

Love and hon - or, vir - tue, good - ness, Might - y truth that *must* pre - vail?
 So, that at the fi - nal har - vest We may reap in heaven's bright field.

SOWING AND REAPING. Concluded.

43

REFRAIN.



Who'll be sow - ing, who'll be sow - ing? Who'll be sow - ing pre - cious gold - en grain?
Who'll be sow - ing, who'll be sow - ing? Who'll be sow - ing kind - ness where we stray?



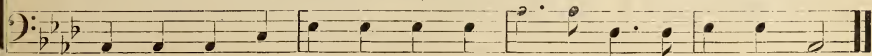
Who'll be sow - ing, who'll be sow - ing? Who'll be sow - ing truth that must pre - vail?
Who'll be sow - ing, who'll be sow - ing? Who'll be sow - ing best of life's fair yield?



Sow - ing, reap - ing; sow - ing, reap - ing; Sow - ing pre - cious gold - en grain?
Sow - ing, reap - ing; sow - ing, reap - ing; Sow - ing kind - ness where we stray?



Sow - ing, reap - ing; sow - ing, reap - ing; Sow - ing truth that must pre - vail?
Sow - ing, reap - ing; sow - ing, reap - ing; Reap at last in heaven's bright field?



BRIGHTER DAYS ARE NIGH.

FRANK YELLAND.

JAMES L. ORR.

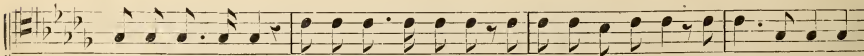
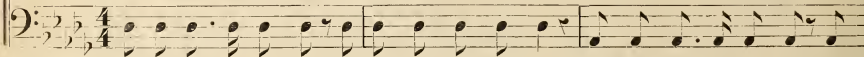


1. Star-less has the night been, en-shroud-ing us in gloom, Clouds of doubt and dark-ness hung

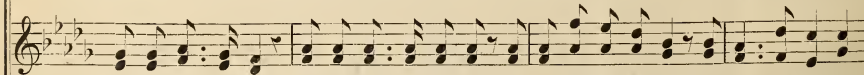


2. See! the clouds are fly-ing, the sky be-gins to clear; Beams the light of prom-ise up-

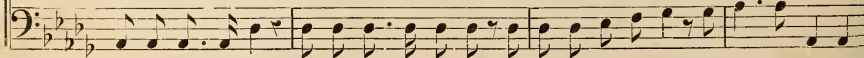
3. By its glo-rious shin-ing our path will be made bright, And a love-ly morn-ing will



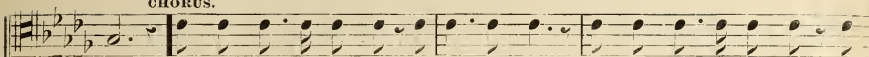
heav-y in the sky; Hardship and op-pres-sion ap-peared to be our doom, But bright-er days are



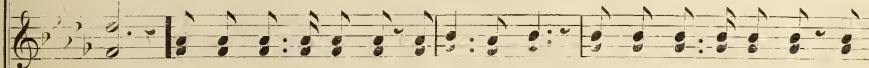
on us from a-far. And to light our pathway a-bove us bright ap-pears The Pat-ron's guid-ing quick-ly break o'er-head; Darkness and op-pres-sion will flee be-fore the light That o'er us will out-



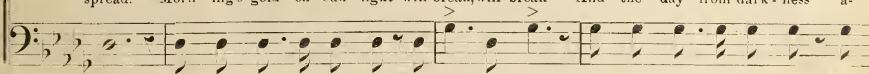
CHORUS.



nigh. Morn - ing's gold - en sun - light will break, will break, And the day from dark - ness a -



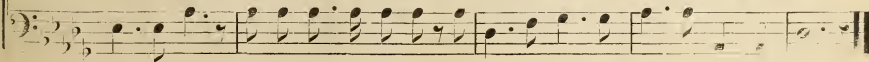
star.
spread. Morn - ing's gold - en sun - light will break, will break And the day from dark - ness a -



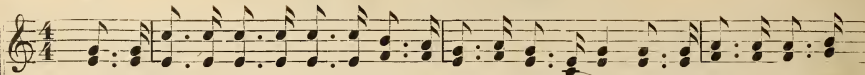
wake, a - wake, For Je - ho - vah's peo - ple he'll ne'er for - sake In sor - row's gloom - y day.



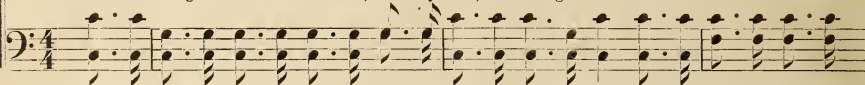
wake, a - wake, For Je - ho - vah's peo - ple he'll ne'er for - sake In sor - row's gloom - y day.



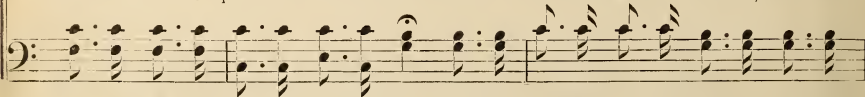
GATHER OUT THE TARES.



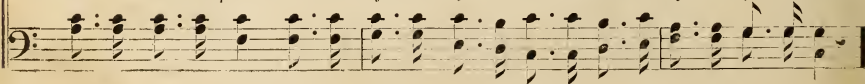
1. Take the spade of per - se - ver - ance, Dig the field of prog - ress wide; Ev - 'ry bar to true in -
 2. Give the stream of ed - u - ca - tion Broad - er chan - nel, bold - er force; Hurl the stones of per - se -
 3. Men are a - gents for the fu - ture; As they work, so a - ges win— Eith - er har - vest of ad -



struc - tion Car - ry out and cast a - side. Ev - 'ry stub - born weed of er - ror, Ev - 'ry
 en - tion Out wher - e'er they block its course. Seek for strength in self - ex - er - tion, Work, and
 vance - ment Or the prod - uct of their sin. Fol - low out true cul - ti - va - tion, Wid - en



seed that burts the soil, Tares, whose ver - y growth is ter - ror, Dig them out, what - e'er the toil.
 still have faith to wait; Close the crook - ed road to for - tune. Make the road to hon - or straight.
 ed - u - ca - tion's plan: From the maj - es - ty of Na - ture Teach the maj - es - ty of man.



CHORUS.

Gather out the tares, gather out the tares, Garner golden grain, garner golden grain;
 Gath- - - er out the tares, my brother, Gar- - - ner golden grain;

Gather out the tares, gather out the tares, Garner golden grain, garner up the golden grain;

Bear the golden sheaves, bear in triumph home, Home in tri-umph o'er life's dust-y plain.
 Bear your sheaves in tri- - - - umph homeward. O'er life's dust - y plain.

Bear the golden sheaves, bear in triumph home, Home in tri umph o'er life's dust-y plain.

Words from "Musical Million."

MAY BE USED AS A SONG FOR FIFTH DEGREE.

JAS. L. ORR.

1. Sometimes great storm-clouds dark-en The bright, blue sky a - love, And deep, dark gloom-y
 2. Sometimes at bright - est noon - day, Ere half his race is run, While Na - ture all re-

3. Sometimes, and oh, how oft - en, A - cross our life's brief day Great clouds of sor - row
 4. We know, oh! yes, 'tis writ - ten, In words that nev - er fail, "Joy com - eth on the

D. S. Hope paints be-yond the

FINE.

shad-ows Float o - ver field and grove. But soon come zeph - yrs blow - ing The thick clouds swift a -
 joic - es, E - clips - es hide the sun. But these, we know, are tran - sient, The dark - ness can not

gath - er, Great joys are snatched a-way. Some-times life's bright-est plan - et Is hid - den from our
 mor - row," The shad - ows soon will pale. The bright lights that have left us Are shin - ing yon - der

shad - ows A gold - en some-time bright

HOPE. Concluded.

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way, And ev - ry moor and wood - land Re - joic - es in the day.
 last; E'en while we gaze with won - der The shad - ows all are past.

sight, And eyes grow dim with weep - ing, Be - cause there is no light.
 still, All bathed in heav'n - ly splen - dor, Be - yond all earth - ly ill.

CHORUS. *ff*

D. S.

Then, wea - ry soul, look up - ward, Trust in the Fa - ther's might,

Then, wea - ry soul, look up - ward, Trust in the Fa - ther's might.

GATHER UP THE SUNBEAMS,

1. Oh, come, my loy - al Pat - rons, Where - ev - er you may be, The good old ship is read - y, We'll

2. Pure gold and pre - cious dia - monds Lie hid - den 'neath the soil. And we will sure - ly find them If

3. Some days are bright with sun - shine In win - ter as in May, Then o - pen wide our win - dows And

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The second system has a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The third system has a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

launch her out to sea. We'll gath - er up the sun - beams That lie a - long the shore, We'll

earn - est - ly we toil. And flow'rs are bloom - ing sweet - ly On mount - ain, hill, and vale; Then

bid them wel - come stay. There is a crys - tal fount - ain Whose springs are found a - bove; Oh,

The musical score continues with three systems. The first system has a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The second system has a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The third system has a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

CHORUS.

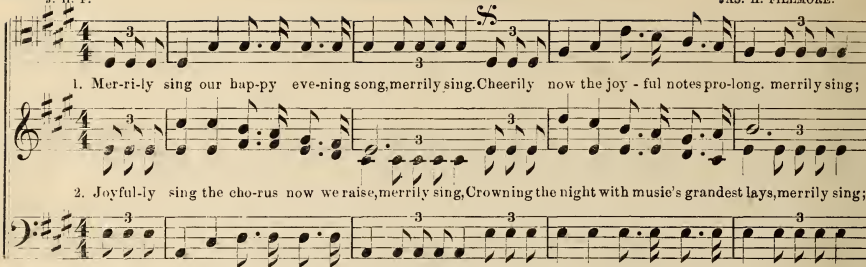
sail in deep-er wa - ter Than e'er we sailed be-fore. Gath - er, gath - er, up the sun - beams,
 let us sip their fragrance As joy-ful - ly we sail. We'll gath - er up the sun-beams, Lying
 let us sip its nec-tar—Peace, har-mo-ny and love. Gath - er, gath - er, up the sun - beams,

Ly - ing all a - long the shore, And we'll sail in deep-er wa - ter Than we've ev - er sailed be - fore.
 all a - long the shore,
 Ly - ing all a - long the shore, And we'll sail in deep-er wa - ter Than we've ev - er sailed be - fore.

MERRILY SING.

J. H. F.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.



1. Mer-ri-ly sing our hap-py eve-ning song, merrily sing. Cheerily now the joy - ful notes pro-long, merrily sing;

2. Joyful-ly sing the cho-rus now we raise, merrily sing, Crowning the night with music's grandest lays, merrily sing;



Heart-i-ly join our cheerful, hap py throug, merrily sing, Merrily sing. merri-ly sing.

Singing will bless and brighten all our days, merri-ly sing, Merri-ly sing. merri-ly, merri-ly, merrily sing.

1. Chase a-way all care and sad-ness, Swell the anthem loud and long; Lift your hearts to
 2. Mu-sic is a gold-en treas-ure, Beau-ty dwells in ev-ry sound; Joy is found in

1 Chase a-way all care and sad-ness, Swell the anthem loud and long; Lift your hearts to joy and
 2. Mu-sic is a gold-en treas-ure, Beau-ty dwells in ev-ry sound; Joy is found in ev-ry

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains two lines of lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and melodic lines. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also featuring chords and melodic lines. The music concludes with a double bar line.

joy and glad-ness With the ech-oes of our song. Then sing our hap-py eve-ning song, merrily sing.
 ev-ry meas-ure Let its pleasures now a-bound.

glad-ness With the ech-oes of our song. Then sing our hap-py eve-ning song, merrily sing,
 meas-ure, Let its pleasures now a-bound.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It also consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, ending with a double bar line and a fermata. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, ending with a double bar line and a fermata. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, ending with a double bar line and a fermata. The music concludes with a double bar line.

MY DEAR OLD HOME.

W. H. DOANE.

1. My dear old home, 'midst waving fields, By hill-side fair, near shad-y dell, Thy peaceful qui - et pleasure
 2. My dear old home, where clover bloom, Wafts sweetness on the morning air, And orchards, too, with rich per-
 3. My dear old home, how sweet the charm Of na-ture in her loveliest MOODS! The valley wide, the rock-y
 4. Let oth-ers sigh for bus-tling din, For nois-y streets and business care, While I will seek true pleasure

REFRAIN.

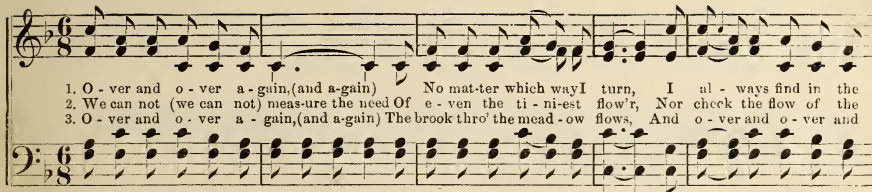
yields That grateful heart a - lone can tell. My dear old home, my dear old home, Its ver - dant
 fume, Load zephyrs soft with fragrance rare.
 glen, The for-est with its sol-i - tudes!
 IN My dear old home, 'mid scenes so fair.

mead, its sparkling rill, Whate'er I do, where'er I roam, I love thee still, I love thee still.

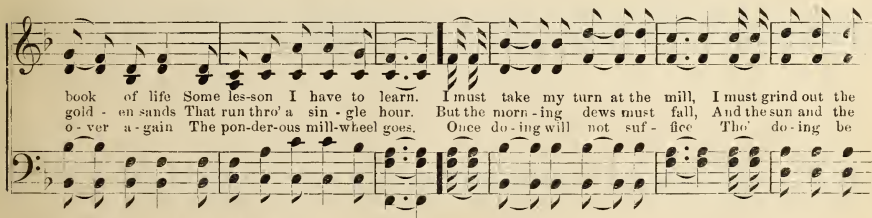
OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

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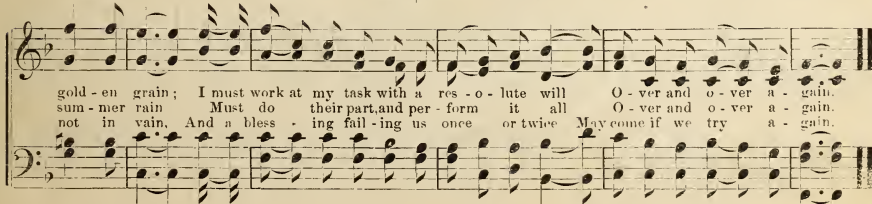
JAMES L. ORR.



1. O - ver and o - ver a - gain, (and a - gain) No mat - ter which way I turn, I al - ways find in the
 2. We can not (we can not) meas - ure the need Of e - ven the ti - ni - est flow'r, Nor check the flow of the
 3. O - ver and o - ver a - gain, (and a - gain) The brook thro' the mead - ow flows, And o - ver and o - ver and



book of life Some les - son I have to learn. I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the
 gold - en sands That run thro' a sin - gle hour. But the morn - ing dews must fall, And the sun and the
 o - ver a - gain The pon - der - ous mill - wheel goes. Once do - ing will not suf - fice Tho' do - ing be



gold - en grain; I must work at my task with a res - o - lute will O - ver and o - ver a - gain.
 sum - mer rain Must do their part, and per - form it all O - ver and o - ver a - gain.
 not in vain. And a bless - ing fail - ing us once or twice May come if we try a - gain.

Words by J. L. ORR.

Music from "Singing School Echo."

1. Brothers and sis-ters, here we meet, A hap-py band, a chosen band; We come with songs each heart to greet, We

2. Let ev - 'ry heart forget its cares While here we raise glad songs of praise; Of friends and Patrons ev'rywhere, Be

come to hold com-mun-ion sweet, Joined heart to heart and hand in hand, We meet, a hap-py, peace - ful band,

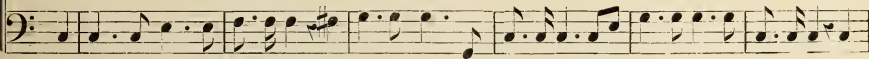
this the earnest, heart-felt prayer. "U - nit - ed may we ev - er stand. "Fra-ter - nal blessings crown our band."



Let ev - 'ry voice be hilt - ed now, While at the sa - cred shrine we bow, To swell the anthem sweet and grand, Be-



And may the Fa - ther, in his love, Send rich - est bless - ings from above, Spread peace and plenty o'er the land. To



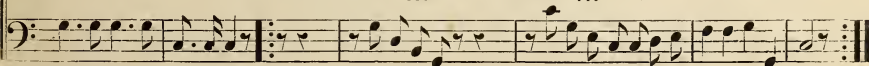
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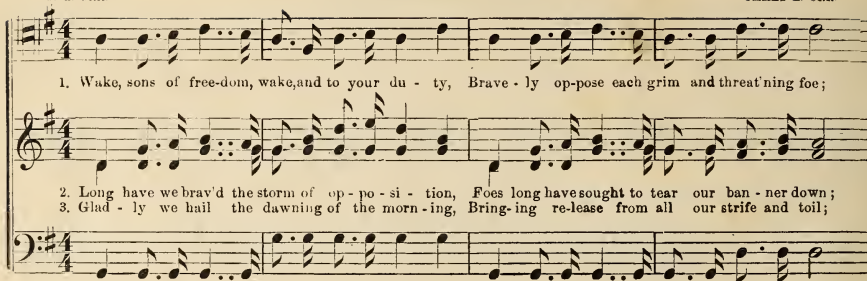


seeching God to bless our band Our happy band. our happy band, To bless our happy, peaceful band.



bless the la-bors of our band. Our happy band, our happy band, To bless our happy, peaceful band.
Our happy band, our happy band,





1. Wake, sons of free-dom, wake, and to your du - ty, Brave - ly op-pose each grim and threat'ning foe;

2. Long have we brav'd the storm of op-po-si-tion, Foes long have sought to tear our ban-ner down;

3. Glad - ly we hail the dawning of the morn-ing, Bring-ing re-lease from all our strife and toil;



Shout-ing the watchword, to your stand-ard ral - ly, Trust-ing in heav - en, in - to bat - tle go.

Strong - er we've grown with ev - 'ry new op-pres - sion, Bold - ly we've gained the vic - tor's fade - less crown.

Fond - ly we hope the strug - gle now is end - ed, Sweet peace may crown the til - lers of the soil.

SONG OF VICTORY. Concluded.

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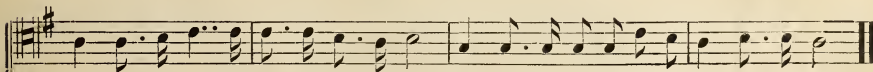
CHORUS.



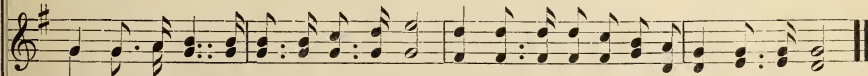
Hur - rah, then, hur-rah, our glo - rious ban - ner's wav - ing, Proud - ly sus - tained by loy - al hearts and hands;



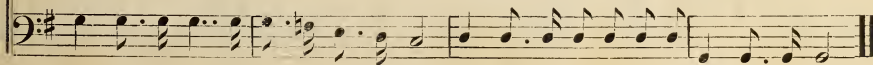
Hur - rah, then, hur-rah, our glo - rious ban - ner's wav - ing, Proud - ly sus - tained by loy - al hearts and hands;



Bright beams the light of vic - to - ry at last, Loud let the joy - ous anthem roll through the land.



Bright beams the light of vic - to - ry at last, Loud let the joy - ous anthem roll through the land.



THE FARMER IS KING.

JOHN McPHERSON.

R. A. KINZIE.

1. Say, who now is king but the farmer? With his broad fields he rules the whole world; Then raise now each
 2. Marching onward and upward for - ev - er, An in - vin - ci - ble host sure are we; No de - feat here our
 3. The world's to be fed, and we're trying To e'er live by the sweat of our brow; We would rath - er be

CHORUS.

bright, waving banner, To the breezes our flags are unfurled.
 ranks e'en shall sev - er, And in un - ion is strength, as you see. The farmer is king, and we're go - ing To
 sell - ing than buying; Then the farmer is king. I a - vow.

show on which side we stand; We are plowing, and sowing, and reap - ing All o - ver A - mer - i - ca's land.

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